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# Nevertheless

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# Nevertheless | MARIA VALLADARES

The architecture of my bones was built by kings,  
So cast forth your arrows, knives, and poisonous things.  
You were the spark and I was the flame,  
Yet my dying embers were not yours to reclaim.

How easy it was, to set me ablaze and watch as I burned through the night,  
The crackling of my soul and smoke from my heart was a gift in which you would delight.  
I would defy the universe just to pluck the stars from their place to create a bouquet for you as a memento to take,  
But my defiance reflected vanity when you did not bow to pick up a grain of sand for my sake.

You became the Sun, the Moon, the Earth and every other beautiful, beloved thing in between,  
So much that the wax of my wings dripped without ceasing and I failed to wait as I plummeted into the impatient, cerulean ravine.  
Your soul became my mirror, and I admired your persona, for ecstasy kept me alive to love something divine,  
And when I saw a fracture or a crack, I would tear up my fingers to pretend you were whole, ignoring the truth that your reflection was never supposed to be mine.

My soul bled a myriad of shades for you whilst my heart conjured words to weave a tapestry as a token of my trust,  
But as I stand before it now, I cannot help but wonder how what once was a masterpiece is now merely a collector of dust.  
I erected cathedrals and palaces and gardens for a withering crimson rose filled with thorns,  
But forgot to light my candle, as I treaded, at the darkest hour and became a victim of the saints gone forlorn.

The architecture of my bones was shaped by emperors and kings,  
So step forward, be responsible, and wait to see what your betrayal brings.  
You are the pyre and henceforth it is your turn,  
To rest easy with the spark of your creation, it is not fun to burn.